Elife's courage failed at this. There was just the bare hope that a sok she had been reading and had dung on the ground at the mouth of the mine before her hurried descent ight be found by her friends, who, alarmed at her absence, would be sure o search a spot she was so well known to frequent, and might suggest to them the idea that she had fallen down the shaft, which would induce them to make an exploration which might lead to their rescue. Beyond this frail ice she had not a hope.

Surely there was a noise-a low ine, as though from some animal. Wilders half-raised his head, listened stely, and said:

'The dog! By the Lord, that's Nel-

The idea to Elsie seemed preposter-, as how could any four-footed anireach that dreadful depth?

The Indians," Jack whispered, for strength was fast failing, "worked is mine years ago—always thought ong natural passage out to the foot the hill."

izing the lantern the girl started the spot whence the sound came; her progress was barred by a



E TIED IT AROUND THE DOG'S NECK.

eam of water whose depth or width knew not. Saturating her handerchief in the precious fluid, she made r way back to Wilders, whose brow he laved with infinite tenderness. Then again that whine and the sound

something scratching the earth way. How eagerly she listened. "Nelson! Nelson!" Her tremulous ry reechoed through the caverns.

A splash in the water, and the dogor dog it was-came swimming tovards her, and in a minute was standng beside her, shaking the drops from his long coat.

The intelligent creature seemed to understand all a glance. Licking his masters hand and whimpering, he first paid his tribute to the sufferer, then came and gazed with sympathetic brown eyes into Elsie's, saying as plain as looks could speak: "I am ready to help you-what shall I do?"

e took the dog's head tenderly on her lap and kissed the honest face, then drawing from her pocket at old envelribbled in pencil: "For God's same help! Rescue us quickly. Jack Wilders lieg badly hurt in the third galery of the old New York mine.

"ELSIE WHITFORD." Wrapping this in her handkerchief

she tied it around the dog's neck. "Now, you dear, noble fellow, home! home! home! I say," while she pointed

toward the way he had come. But Nelson had other views; for a time her voice and gestures only served to make him wag his tail and cringe around her, but at last, when she had despaired of making him understand, a flash of intelligence leaped to his eyes

and he dashed off across the pool into the darkness. An hour of dull expectancy, and then the girl's heart leaped with joy, for right over her head voices were heard. lights glimmered like stars, and a man's

hoarse tones came ringing below. "Hello! Hello, there!"

"Hello! We are here!" "What's up?"

"Wilders has fallen down the ladder and is badly hurt."

"Can he move?" "No, you must lower a cot. But ome of the rungs of the ladder have been sawed away. So, on peril of your lives, do not try the descent without

'How many rungs are broken?" "Seven or eight."

"All right; we'll soon be with you;

But it seemed to her an age before they brought a short ladder and lashed it to the old one, so as to bridge the broken part, and then when eager faces were gazing with sympathy upon them, and tender hands were helping them, Elsie Whitford, who had done and dared so much, proved her title to womanhood by letting the little crowd and cavern walls reel around her and quietly and unostentatiously fainting away.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHICAGO INTERIOR. "I don't know what to say about buying so much on credit, George. It is very nice to have so many pretty things about the house, but this easyseeming installment plan may lead into deep waters. There's the quarterly payment on the house and lot, the ments for insurance in the Mutual company, and sixty cents a week on the sewing machine-still the books are very elegant, and-"

The speaker paused, standing with her babe in her arms looking wistfully at her husband, a perfect type of an American mechanic's wife, young, strong, healthy, handsome, and, what would be considered in other countries, educated afterly beyond her sphere.

The interior of the room was worthy of the pen of a Wilkie. Humbly. though cosily furnished, the floor covered with a substantial rag carpet, the walls adorned with pretty chromos, a huge Connecticut clock ticking

ment of a more ambitions nature—the parlor, only to be used on state occasions. But the crowning figure of this homelike scene was the young mechanic, George Harland, as he sat at a table with his three-year-old boy on his knee. He looked at his wife as sne spoke, and a merry gleam lit his honest

"Why, Nell, what freak of prudence has bitten you now? If a master shipwright, earning four dollars a day and doesn't spend a cent in drink, has cause to be seared at getting into a book agent's debt a few weekly installments.

"But, George, you might take sick,

"Pigs might fly. Pshaw, girl, there's not much of the interesting invalid about me; now, is there? Then, there's that prize-packet lodger upstairs, whom you seduced into paying a dollar and a half a week for his room.

"Oh, yes, he's very nice, isn't he? But I fear he's out of work, and, though he's such a perfect gentleman, I don't think we can rely on his stopping with us for

George laughed with enjoyment at his wife's forebodings; it was rather too good a joke to think that a Chicago shipwright in full pay couldn't afford to indulge in the purchase of a picture

"You are incorrigible, George," the wife said with laughing lips. Then a little seriously: "Is it likely to be a busy season at the dry-dock?"
"You bet. Why, Moore & Marston

have more orders on hand than they can ever fill. The Red Star company has the lines laid for a hundred thousand dollar passenger boat. Burroughs & Watts have given orders for two first-class tugs, and there are six barges I know will be turned out of our yard this summer." "Times should be good, George."

"Never better."

At that moment the front door opened and a young woman entered-a tall, shapely girl, with good features, and fair hair lying on her forehead like a cloud of feathery glory; yet, there was a shadow of unhealth in the flawless transparency of her complexion, and her step lacked the litheness and activity of buoyant youth.

Alice Palmer's lines had not been cast in pleasant places, except so far as she was enabled to board with her sister, Mrs. Harland, She "clerked" in a great dollar bazar kept by a Hebrew merchant, who cared nothing for the helpless girls who sold his glittering wares, knowing well that when one broke down-as, poor things, they were often in the habit of doing-there were a score to take her place.

"You look tired to-night, Ally," the mechanic said anxiously, as the girl took her place at the table.

"Tired!" she replied, "I am clean worn out. A big country excursion came to the city to-day, and the store was over-run. You'd be tired too, George, if you'd had to stand twelve hours without rest, and with the thought ever uppermost in your mind that in this land of boasted prosperity there were thousands like you, selling their young lives and hopes for a beggarly payment that just keeps them in food and clothes."

"Seems to me," said her brother-inlaw gravely, "there's something wrong in a state of society which permits such things; there ought to be a law to put a stop to it. There ought to be a law passed to compel employers of female labor to pay fair wages and decent treatment. But, Ally, throw the thing up, and rest till you can better yourself. You know how welcome you are to live with us."

"It may come to that, George, for something that has happened to-day leads me to expect my discharge on Saturday night.'

"Oh, Ally, dear, how is that? They seemed to think so much of you?" Mrs. Harland asked.

"It was through no fault of mine. You know Charlie Grant, don't you?" "The reporter on the Herald who is going to marry Carrie Chambers? Yes,

"Well, he came into the store to give me a message for her, and while he was talking to me Mrs. Buddulph, the millionaire pork-packer's wife—oh, Nellie, how I do hate those new rich people-drove up in her carriage and walked straight to my counter. Charlie stood respectfully aside till she should give her orders, but as soon as she had seated herself she began a tirade against servant girls, and wound up by indignantly demanding why I was stuck there behind a counter, instead of earning an honest living as a domestic, when hired help was hardly to be had for love or money."

"What did you say?" "I felt ready to sink with vexation; but I dared not reply, for she is a good customer; but what do you think Charlie Grant did? He raised his hat in the politest manner, and said in a voice that could be heard all over the store: 'You ought to be very grateful to Mrs. Biddulph for her kind advice. She speaks from experience, you know, for she was her husband's cook before he married

George burst into a hearty roar of aughter. "Good for the newspaper boy!" he said, "that was well done."

"Ah, but Mrs. Biddulph did not think so. While all the clerks and customers were convulsed with laughter, she flounced out of the store, and a few minutes afterwards Cohen came to me and said that he couldn't allow his clerks to receive admirers during busi-

ness hours.' "He did, did he, the insolent pup?" George vociferated, his face flushing with passion. "Back to the bazar you shall never go, Ally. Tomorrow I will call on him and settle it."

"You will do no such thing, George Harland," his wife interposed, decisively. "You will only be getting yourself into trouble, and no good will come of it. Perhaps Ally had better resign her position and wait for something more

suitable." merrily in the corner, a cheerful wood-atove radiating warmth and light from its glowing micas, and beyond, through a half-opened door, a peep at an apart-shouldered the burden cheerfully, for

George Harland had a big heart and never fretted over trifles.

The young women retired to put the shildren to bed, and the mechanic, well pleased with himself and his surroundings, drew his chair closer to the stove and lit his pipe to enjoy his usual evening smoke. As the clouds curled up-wards to the ceiling the tint of his thoughts became less reseate-a feeling of unrest possessed him. Ally's broken health and Cohen's brutality rankled in his mind, and for the first time in his life he found himself wandering whether "Windy" Atkins, the demagogue of the yard, was not right after all in his denunciation of capitalists and his florid portrayal of the wrongs of labor. It did seem cruel that a fairly-educated, well-behaved girl like Ally should be wearing herself out for a bare subsistence.

Then, there was that little trouble down at the yard-not worth making a fuss about, certainly not to be mentioned to Nell-perhaps, after all, he ought to have taken more interest in it and attended the meeting at O'Brien's saloon to-night. Hanged, if he didn't think it would be a good thing to go and talk the matter over with that editor-fellow, Grey, if he should chance to be in his room.

He found our hero up to his eyes in study, but cordially glad to see him.

"I read that paper of yours, which Col. Gilchrist tossed into the waste basket, and see many good points in it -perhaps too conservative for these critical times, but that is a good fault."
"Well. sir," Harland answered, "I don't know, after all, that I'm right. It does seem hard that there should be so much suffering in this land of plenty, that one man should be rolling in riches and another equally industrious -for I take no account of loafersshould hardly be able to keep the wolf from the door."

"It does, indeed," Grey responded, decisively, thinking of hisown attenuated services and inability to secure employment. "It is a hard problem to solve, and-" He paused and blushed scarlet, "I'm trying to master it. Don't think that I ever hope to be the apostle of the New Civilization, but I may be one of its pioneers."

Harland gazed at him with openmouthed wonder.

"Concentration of wealth led to the French revolution, class privileges, and unequal taxes. How is it in America? Big concerns backed by huge capital crush the life out of small tradesmen, who must become servants or starve. We have law enough, but no justice. Who cares for the law who has money



YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY GRATEFUL TO MR. BIDDULPH."

and influence sufficient to defy it? Our tax administration is a disgrace to civilization, and-"Still it's a pretty good country to

live in, Mr. Grey."

"Yes, as long as your ox is not gored. If you could shut your eyes to the misery of thousands in this city of Chicago, you might think it a charming place to dwell in.'

"And what are you going to do about

"Mass labor against capital."

"By trades unions?"

"Yes. By concentrated action. By the power of the ballot bex." "Talking of trades un'ons, I want

your advice as to a case in point." "Proceed." "We had two men in our yard who

have scamped their work and, as the saying goes, 'sassed the boss,' who gave them the sack. Now, there's some kind of a fuss about the matter and some of the men are attending a meeting to-night to talk the matter over. I don't suppose it will amount to much, but I'm kind of uneasy, and that's why I came upstairs."

"Oh, that is all nonsense. The workingmen of this country are too intelligent to make a mountain of such a molehill as that, I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

Nevertheless, just as Harland that night was going to bed, a tap came to the door, and a fellow workman beckoned him outside.

"I've been to the meeting, George, and I thought I'd drop in and tell you how things went."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," Harland laughed. "I know how things went, just as though I'd been there. 'Windy' Atkins made a screed on the bloated lumber lords, there was a good deal of beer consumed, and then Fred Sav-yer and a few old hands just sat down on the silly performance."

You are wrong, George," was the serious reply. "The only man who spoke at length was the walking delegate from New York, and-"

"Who in thunder's he?" Harland asked fiercely. "What can a New Yorker know about our local quarrels? And what did he say?" "Ordered us all out on a strike without

an hour's notice." CHAPTER X.

A WOMAN'S WORD. "From plague, pestilence and famine, from battle and murder and from sudden death," says the grand old Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us;" and assuredly, if the inspired sage who wrote these words had lived in the latter days, he would have added: "And from strikes and walking delegates," for humanity confronts no evil more appalling than the pitiless edict which goes forth that the breadwinner shall not toil, and his women and children shall be martyrs to the Great Cause of Labor versus Capital. Down in the dust fall the devotees of reform and the juggernautic car of demagogism crushes them to powder.

Only one little month of four weeks has elapsed since the shadow of evil fell upon the shipyards, and see what changes it has wrought. Men's very natures seem twisted from their normal beings from the passions which stir within them.

And poor Joe Henderson-Harland's young friend, who had just carried him the evil tidings—as honest a young fel-low as ever wielded an adze, was one of the first victims of the unreasoning hatred of wealth-wrecking everything, even to Alice Palmer's love, for the bright "saleslady" was betrothed to

The shipbuilders, driven to exasperation by the unreasonable demands of the union on Moore & Marston, had voted a general "lock-out," and two thousand heads of families in the city of Chicago were out of employment. Men gathered at the street corners, crowded the great labor halls, paraded with bands and flags, or cheered in mass meetings Schlossinger's fierce denunciations of the bloated bond-

Meanwhile supplies from the labor league were served with tolerable regularity, and all felt that right must triumph over might.

Two months passed, and the subsidies from the central committee became less frequent. Still the masters stood firm; the men solid. Then went the startling whisper abroad that one hundred French-Canadian skilled mechanics had been hired in the place of the strikers, and that work would be resumed, under protection of big patrols of police, at Moore & Marston's yard on the following Monday.

Meanwhile how fared it with the Harlands? But badly. The insurance policy has lapsed, the upholsterer has taken away the parlor furniture, though it was nearly paid for, the sewing machine has been replevied, and Nellie's pretty volumes have been seized under 'cutthroat contract" by the book agent. It is not a question of luxuries with them, but of bare subsistence.

An empty cupboard! It is difficult for one living in this land of plenty to realize what that means-what it means to see one's loved ones in want and lack the means of relieving them. In vain Alice Palmer humbly appealed to Cohen for reemployment; the strike had hurt business, she was told,

and she was not wanted. Grey meanwhile was busy. He had spoken at one or two meetings and perhaps had done more harm to the cause of order than Schlossinger could accomplish in his wildest flights of blatant fury, for this young enthusiast brought forward batteries of strong argument that appealed to the reason rather than the emotion of men and made him converts of the cooler, steadier hands, who had but laughed at their comrades' frenzies. Grey was intense, earnest, ready to lay down his

Now, when the Monday morning came on which it was announced that Moore & Marston's yard would be in "full blast" again, George Harland, who had all along declared that no union in a free country should stop him from working when work was to be got, started from his home with his dinner pail in his hand.

"Do not be a fool; you are risking your life," had been Grey's advice, nettled at the obstinacy of the man who would not acknowledge that the few must suffer for the benefit of the many. "Do not go!" Alice cried, clinging

tearfully on his arm. "Pshaw, girl!" he replied roughly. "I never drew a cent of the union's money, and I've always declared that I would take the first job that came along. No man shall dictate to me whether I work or lie idle."

So George Harland went to his doon. The day passed wearily for the women. Night came on, and with heart-beating anxiety they waited the coming of the breadwinner. "George is late," Nell said, nervously; "I do wish he would come."

"Oh, he will be here before long," Alice replied, with assumed cheerful-

"Hark!" the young wife screamed as she flew to the door: "What is that noise in the street?"

Grey, attracted by the tumult, flew downstairs and joined the trembling

What a sight met their gaze! Their George-the idol of this humble homewith blood-stained face and torn clothes -swinging his ax over his head and battling for his life against a hundred tierce assailants. In vain a dozen policemen rally round him. They are beaten down like grain before the sickle; and the mob, hoarse and furi-ous, rushed over their bodies on to the and safely cured.

Weakback, frequent and burning urine, diseases of the bladder of both sexes, promptly and safely cured. victim. There was something grand in his despairing efforts, as, like a gladiator, he faced his enemies.

"Down with the scab! Kill him! kill him!" shriek a score of angry voices.

Ah, surely it is all over. Felled to the earth by a crushing blow on the back of the head, he drops

then breaks like an ocean wave spent

by its own fury. All fly but one. He

bends low over the fallen figure and lifts the nerveless arm which hides the

CONTINUED.

battered face

blow on the back of the head, he drops at the feet of his persecutors.

"Hang him! Hang him!" yell the infuriated mob.

But over his prostrate body stands Frank Grey, unarmed—pouring forth an impassioned appeal to the frenzied men to spare their victim. Impotent, but heroic effort. Men had lost their reason and become tigerlike in blind ferocity. An instant and he would have lain beside his senseless friend, have lain beside his senseless friend, when the hissing pings of rifle bullets spread terror among the crowd. "The Pinkertons! The Pinkertons!" is the cry, and as the name of that dreaded police agency is heard, the mob sways backwards and forwards for a moment,

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